



Op. 68, No. 19.



Repeat from the beginning to **FINE** pp

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Looking down with a baby on her arm led them into a bare, cold room, where there were only wooden chairs, a big table, covered with a dirty oil cloth and laid with a row of tin basins and battered knives and forks.

"It's most dinner time," said the woman, staring with dreary eyes at the beautiful girl; "of you want 'Lish, he's off fishin'; don't know when he'll be back."